The Liberalist

Volume XXXVI DECEMBER, 1959 Number 9

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

How Far to Bethlehem?

"It isn't far to Bethlehem Town!
It's anywhere that Christ comes down
And finds in people's friendly face
A welcome and abiding place.
The road to Bethlehem runs right through
The homes of folks like me and you."

Madeleine Sweeny Miller.

The Christmas Season In The Peoples Church

Tuesday, Dec. 1—Woman's Club, International Relations Day,
Folk Songs by Brina Magida, of Radio and TV ..... 1:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 6—Dr. Bradley's Sermons:
"Happiness—A By-Product" Broadcast WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.
"Love and Divorce" ..... 7:00 p.m.
WSEL—Morning Sermon Re-broadcast ..... 9:30 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Christmas Party.
Colored Movie of Nativity Scenes (Courtesy Ill. Bell Tel.)
Community Singing, direction Madeline Jacobsen ..... 4:00 p.m.
Young Adults (married or single, under 30) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 13—Dr. Bradley's Sermons:
"What Do You Want for Christmas?" Broadcast WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.
"Goodfellows" Night Concert—Chicago Tribune ..... 7:00 p.m.
Choir gives a tea in Anderson Hall following the concert ..... 8:00 p.m.
WSEL—Morning Sermon Re-broadcast ..... 9:30 p.m.

Tuesday, Dec. 15—Woman's Club Christmas and Birthday Party
for members only (dues must be in before Dec. 15th)
Mrs. H. H. Lurie and Mrs. B. B. Haslam, co-chairmen. Travel
slides to be shown by Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh ..... 12:00 noon

Friday, Dec. 18—Junior Church Christmas Party. Santa Claus
will bring a gift for every child ..... 7:00 p.m.

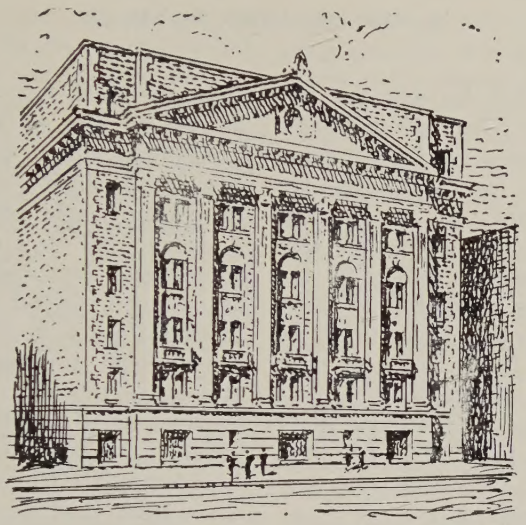
Sunday, Dec. 20—Dr. Bradley's Sermons:
"What, Another Baby?" (Christmas Sunday) Brodcast WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.
Candle Light Service ..... 7:00 p.m.
WSEL—Morning Sermon Re-broadcast ..... 9:30 p.m.
Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30) Christmas Party ..... 5:00 p.m.
Young Adults (married or single, under 30) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Sunday, Dec. 27—Dr. Bradley's Sermons:
"The Past is Prelude" Broadcast WLS ..... 11:00 a.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.
"If I Could Live Life Over Again" ..... 7:00 p.m.
WSEL—Morning Sermon Re-broadcast ..... 9:30 p.m.
Young Adults (married or single, under 30) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, Dec. 31—Watch Night Service, "Another Year, Another Chance"
11 p.m. to midnight

DR. BRADLEY'S THURSDAY NOON LECTURES AT THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Jan. 7—"Charles Darwin—The Man Who Re-wrote History"
14—"Albert Einstein—The Man Who Discovered the Universe"
21—"Albert Schweitzer—A Birthday Tribute"
28—"Karl Marx—The Man Who Started the Trouble"



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

AS I write this chat with you this month we have only had three of our seven o'clock Sunday evening lectures for the season. On two of the evenings the weather was the most severe of the season and has broken all weather records for the Chicago area as to snow and cold; yet in spite of these conditions we have had over 1,000 people at each Sunday evening lecture. This is most encouraging to us all and particularly to myself, when I realize I have been speaking nearly forty-eight years to the same congregation.

A survey of the congregation showed the people came from every ward of the City of Chicago and more than twenty-two various denominations were represented in the audience, including Catholic and Jewish people. We are almost the only church in the city of Chicago which has Sunday evening services. It costs two people, who use city transportation, $1 to attend the service, and this remarkable evidence of continued interest in the work of our church is an inspiration to us all.

Our Sunday evening lectureship is a very simple affair. There is no music, no liturgy of any kind. We reserve the Sunday morning service for a worship service. Sunday evening is a lecture event. My associate minister, Rev. Mr. Kraft, and myself, precisely at seven o'clock walk to the pulpit. Mr. Kraft makes a few necessary announcements, greets the people and introduces the subject. I speak then for forty-five minutes. At the conclusion of the address we have a question box. The questions are not asked from the floor but are written and handed to one of the ushers, who brings the questions to me. The lecture concludes at eight o'clock sharp, when the young people meet downstairs in Anderson Hall for a discussion of the address and their reactions to it. This has aroused a great deal of interest. I usually speak on contemporary and controversial problems. The largest attendance thus far was last Sunday evening, when I spoke on the subject "Should a Roman Catholic be elected President of the United States?" There is a great deal of interest in this question throughout the nation and in Chicago in particular. I am writing this on the afternoon of the 18th of November and next Sunday evening I am going to speak on "Men vs. Monkeys." Next Sunday is the 22nd, and this day will be an observance of the 100th anniversary of the publication of Darwin's "Origin of the Species." The University of Chicago is observing the occasion with several days of lectures on the part of scientists and scholars and this has resulted in a renaissance of interest in Charles Darwin.

I have noticed with great interest the number of young people in the Sunday evening audiences. High School and University groups constitute the majority of the audiences. This only affirms what I have long held, that young people are much more vitally concerned about these questions than many adults. Those with whom I have talked feel that they are to live into these problems and their contribution will have much to do with their solution. I am greatly

enheartened by their interest. I have noticed as well that there are more young people in the morning congregations than I have observed in the last few years. If any of our readers live within the metropolitan area of Chicago and drive to the services, please remember there is a parking space available for you. The Kemper Insurance have a one square block area which they use weekdays for their own employes. Kempers very graciously opened the lot for the use of the Peoples Church on Sunday mornings and for the evening lectures. The accommodations are extensive and while the lot is usually filled to overflowing, if you come reasonably early you may secure a parking space there. We appreciate very much the co-operation of Kemper Insurance.

* * *

Our 1959 Bazaar has just been held. I am convinced that if you want to change the weather, just announce the church bazaar; for on the two nights of our Bazaar the weather was the worst for the time of the year in our city. It has broken all records for cold and rain and yet, in spite of that, we fed more than 400 people at the dinner and took in more than $4,000 in the Bazaar. This is almost unbelievable when you realize how much the weather does interfere with an attendance at this sort of thing. On the concluding evening the people packed Anderson Hall and most of them remained until nearly one o'clock the next morning. Practically everything for sale was disposed of.

I cannot express too deeply my appreciation and the appreciation of the entire church for the co-operation which the women of the Woman's Club, under the general chairmanship of Mrs. Harry D. Stone, gave to the Bazaar. We received many beautiful and valuable gifts from many manufacturers, merchants, retail stores, and various other sources.

June and I were present each evening and the opportunity of meeting many radio friends was the highlight of the Bazaar for us. Quite apart from the great financial success of the Bazaar I think it has a far greater purpose and outcome than the mere making of the necessary money. The fellowship, the personal contacts and the warm friendliness of the people is the chief asset and the most abiding product of the Bazaar. The Choir, the Men's Club, the Professional and Business Woman's Club, the Woman's Club, the Sunday School, the Uptown Temple Club and the Usher's Club all had booths at the Bazaar. They were beautifully decorated and presided over by members of the various organizations. While all of us came out of the Bazaar in a state of exhaustion, our hearts were gladdened by the co-operation which was given to us in spite of the worst two nights of the year thus far.

* * *

One of the most interesting of the many trips I have made to lecture engagements since last we met was my visit to the beautiful and historic State of Virginia. I addressed the State Convention of the Virginia Realtors, which met in the historic City of Williamsburg. Ever since the restoration of Williamsburg I had hoped some occasion would take me to the city. I had read much about it and had been very much interested in the whole program of restoration, which was made possible by John D. Rockefeller. My only regret is that I could not have stayed longer, and I hope to return very soon.

I went to Williamsburg by way of Washington and had a short time in

our national capital, which is always a thrilling experience for me. I never visit Washington but what I have a deeper appreciation of the problems and the difficulties which our country is increasingly facing in our own nation and throughout the world. I was met at the train in Richmond, Virginia by Mr. Richard McMurran, who drove from Newport News to meet me and drive me to Williamsburg. Mr. McMurran is a member of an old Virginia family. His brother was General Chairman of the observance of the founding of the Jamestown Colony and largely responsible for the beautiful Memorial Park in Jamestown. Mr. McMurran is thoroughly familiar with the history of the State and the Jamestown Colony and every moment of my being with him was enjoyable. He sent me only a few days ago several volumes of information on the history of Virginia during the Jamestown era. These volumes are called "The Jamestown 350th Anniversary Historical Booklets." It seems to me from what I learned in Virginia that most of the people in the mid-west and far west of the country are not as well informed about the Jamestown Colony as they ought to be. The history of the Plymouth Colony is well known, but the Jamestown Colony was founded before the Plymouth Colony. It always had a very interesting history, and I am very grateful to receive this permanent memento of my visit.

I stayed at the famous Williamsburg Inn, one of the most attractive and unusual hotels I have ever visited anywhere. As I entered the hotel and was shown to my room I stepped back into a previous century. The environment was conducive to quietness and strength. The banquet was held in another hotel nearby and it, too, had the charm of the finest tradition of the old taverns of yesteryear. I do not recall ever speaking to a more responsive group of people. The banquet room was packed to overflowing and, although I was a complete stranger in the city, I was received with a warmth and given a hospitality unexcelled. The whole experience was an affirmation of what is generally acknowledged: there is no part of the country more hospitable and gracious than the South, and I am sure there is no State which is a finer example of Southern hospitality at its best than the old State of Virginia. I received nothing but courtesy and consideration in my visit and since returning have received a most gracious letter of appreciation of my efforts from Mr. John Bagby, Jr., who is President of the Virginia Realtors and who introduced me at the banquet.

The details of my visit were arranged by Mr. John L. Huffman, who is Executive Secretary of the Virginia Real Estate Association. Every detail was arranged and arranged perfectly. Never in all my speaking career have I had anything arranged more smoothly and with greater consideration for my own personal needs and comfort than was arranged by the Virginia Real Estate Association. On the day I left for Chicago Mr. McMurran called and drove me to the Jamestown Memorial Park, and then through a delightful countryside with heavily timbered rolling hills to Richmond, Virginia, where I took the train for home. Even though I am writing these words three weeks after my visit, the memory of it all is as vivid in my mind as though I had just returned this morning.

* * *

Of all the lecturing which I do as an extra-curricular activity of my pulpit

work, I think I enjoy speaking to teacher's institutes and real estate conventions more than under any other auspices. This Fall I have had several teacher's institute engagements, and they have increased my admiration for the splendid work which the public school teachers of this country are doing, and sometimes under great handicaps. Speaking at institutes gives me the opportunity to meet County Superintendents, Principals and City Superintendents of Schools. They are a most devoted group of people and in these times, when education is under severe criticism in this country on the part of those who feel that we are not sufficiently scientifically minded or scientifically trained to cope with the scientific developments of the Soviet Union, they are holding fast to the traditional American ideal that materialistic development is not enough; that after all, nations will not live because of their scientific achievements but will live because they are able to develop the attributes of humanity. A general cultural foundation is imperative for permanent scientific accomplishments. Man is not a machine and he ought never to forget that the most perfect machine ever invented or created by man can be totally wrecked by an imperfect machinist. My experience teaches me that our schools are not designed to create mere mechanical machines, but machinists; all of which leads me to the conclusion that Russia may achieve much in scientific advance, but if the great human values of freedom and justice are not part of the process, it ultimately is doomed to failure.

I never speak to a teacher's institute and sense the spirit of the teachers without having my admiration for them and their profession enhanced and increased.

* * *

I am a member of the First Congregational Church of Ravenswood, of which my warmest friend, the Reverend Dr. J. Morriston Thomas has just concluded a 47-year ministry. I have known Dr. Thomas and his family during almost his entire ministry in our city. He is my pastor and preached the funeral services for Mrs. Bradley and Jimmie. He is now 86 years of age and has retired from his preaching. He is preaching the Thanksgiving Day sermon in our church on Thanksgiving morning just before leaving for his Winter home in Mobile, Alabama.

Some years ago in the Ravenswood Congregational Church there was a family by the name of Ward, who had a son by the name of Don. Don was brought up in the church, and in his early young manhood entered into television and radio and made an enviable reputation for himself. He is married to Vera Ward, who is a well-known Chicago actress and has been playing at the Drury Lane Theatre this past summer. Don has always in the background thought of the ministry as his life's work and just a few years ago he decided definitely to go into the ministry. He severed his business and professional relationships and entered the Chicago Theological Seminary. During the last year of Dr. Thomas's active ministry he assisted him in the pastorate and, on Dr. Thomas's retirement he was called to be minister of the church. He had received his bachelor's degree in divinity from the Seminary and had met with the Council of the Congregational Association, passed his examinations there, and was ordained on Sunday evening, October 4th.

I was honored by being invited to deliver the charge to the congregation at the ordination service. It was an

enheartening experience to see this comparatively young man make a complete break in his life and become the minister of an important and influential pulpit in Chicago Congregationalism. The ordination act itself was impressive, as members of the ordaining council stood about him and laid their hands of consecration upon his head. It is rather unusual for a man to be ordained for the work in a church which he has known practically all of his life and where he has spent his youth.

Dr. Thomas preached the sermon as no other man could. I have never known a finer mind, a more poetic soul than J. Morriston Thomas possesses. He is a fine example of the Welsh temperament at its best. I preached in the High Street Church at Swansea, in the south of Wales one time when Dr. Thomas's father was in the congregation, and this past summer I spent part of a day in London with Dr. and Mrs. Thomas, who had been for a visit to the old home in Wales. He is a religious liberal in the highest sense of that much abused term. I prize his friendship as one of the great experiences of my life.

* * *

June and I had a most delightful evening recently when we were present in Orchestra Hall the evening on which Poetry Magazine presented the internationally-known T. S. Eliot. We had met Mr. Eliot when he was here the last time at a reception and tea given by Mrs. Glenn Frank, at the Casino. Many Americans do not know that his father was a distinguished Unitarian minister in St. Louis, where T. S. Eliot was born. He was an own cousin of our much-loved and lamented Frederick May Eliot, former President of the Unitarian Association. I remember vividly the two or three hours which we spent together on his previous visit. Orchestra Hall was packed to overflowing, with more than 200 people on the stage and 1,000 turned away, who could not secure admission. Nearly 3,000 people heard him reading his poems. It was an unforgettable experience, although I am still convinced that poets are not the best and the most effective readers of their own poetry. I have heard recently four of the greatest poets in our language: Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Archibald MacLeish and T. S. Eliot and, with the exception of Robert Frost, for me none projected the quality of their great poetry by their own reading. I get much more from reading their poems aloud than I do from hearing them read their own poetry. Robert Frost is the exception. Of course I am only speaking for myself.

Mr. Eliot, the night we heard him, was obviously having some bronchial disturbance, and seemed to lack the zest which some of his poems would require for effective rendition, but it was a great evening and one we shall never forget.

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Friends of Literature I was invited to present a scroll to the Honorable Robert Whyte Mason and his wife, Monica. He has been for four and a half years the Consul General of Great Britain in Chicago. In this time we had grown to admire and esteem most highly the Masons. They formed a part of the cultural and social life of Chicago, as well as performing the responsible duties involved in his office. By the time you read these words Mr. and Mrs. Mason will have left for England and their new assignment, where it is anticipated he will be raised to Am-

bassadorial rank, and may be assigned somewhere in Africa.

At the luncheon held by the Friends of Literature, Mr. and Mrs. Mason were the Guests of Honor and the scroll which I was invited to present to them expressed appreciation for their interest in and support of literature during his tenure with us in Chicago. Mr. Mason, with but one exception (one year when his place was most ably filled by Mrs. Mason) has responded to the toast to William Shakespeare, at the Annual Shakespeare Dinners which the Friends of Literature hold on the Saturday evening nearest Shakespeare's birthday. Twenty-nine of these dinners have been held and I have had the honor of being the toastmaster at each dinner during the history of the Friends of Literature. We deeply regret the Masons' leaving the Chicago scene, but they leave with us many pleasant memories and our best wishes accompany them, whatever their future is.

* * *

I knew Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, after whom the Goodman Theatre here is named. He lost his life in the First World War. The Theatre is now coming into its own under the expert direction of Dr. John Reich. Dr. Reich, from Vienna, trained under the great Max Reinhardt, has brought to Chicago a new spirit for the creative and experimental theatre. He is introducing well-established stars of the stage in a series of plays this Winter, which are packing the Goodman Theatre at every performance. Recently we saw the performance of *The Merchant of Venice* with a great actor, Morris Carnovsky playing the part of Shylock. I have seen all the Shylocks of my generation on both sides of the Atlantic, and I never experienced anything like the Shylock which I saw in *The Merchant of Venice* at the Goodman. I salute Dr. John Reich, his students, the faculty and the Ford Foundation, which has assisted him in carrying out his remarkably successful program.

* * *

We are preparing a most inspiring and joyful Christmas Season in the Church. The full schedule of events is listed on the inner front cover. We hope you will attend as many as possible and that your own Christmas will be one filled with happiness and may the New Year find a realization of your highest hopes.

Keep looking up!

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1959

Miss Anna S. Burkhardt,
133 S. Lombard Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. James E. Claflin,
1117 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10
Mr. Charles J. Coyle,
334 S. Clark St., Chicago 4
From First Unitarian Church,
Iowa City, Iowa
Mr. Louis Gregg,
920 Wilson Ave., Chicago 40
Mr. Clyde W. H. Grosch,
926 Windsor Ave., Chicago 40
Miss Rosalie J. Grosch,
926 Windsor Ave., Chicago 40
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lange,
4745 N. Artesian Ave., Chicago 25
Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Nahin,
955 Sheridan Rd., Glencoe, Ill.
Mrs. Clyde Parsons,
926 Windsor Ave., Chicago 40
Miss Frieda Schmidt,
4037 Kenmore Ave., Chicago 13
Mrs. Mary L. Tanka,
3261 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago 47
Mrs. Anna Torregrossa,
6040 N. California Ave., Chicago 45
Mrs. Sadie Weeks,
4617 Beacon St., Chicago 40

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

"Too Busy to Live!"

MANY, many years ago, way back in the dawn almost of recorded history, one of the Israelite kings had been able to get a prisoner who had been causing him a lot of trouble. Then the king had to go away on a journey and he told his servant: "You keep this man until I return. I hold you responsible for him."

When the king returned from his journey the prisoner was gone. The king asked his servant for an explanation and the servant said: "Sire, when you were away, your servant was busy hither and thither, and the man was gone!"

How much of life at its highest, its finest and best, disappears and evaporates because we are running hither, and thither; because we are busy about being busy. Then our creativeness and our effectiveness all but disappear, and life becomes arid and sterile. Then we open the door to disease and disintegration.

The probabilities are that man is going to have more and more leisure time in which to be busy about being busy; and I believe that what a person does with his time apart from his work is as important to that person and to society as what he does in his working hours. Are you busy being busy about things that aren't worth being busy about?

I was in a hospital only yesterday and I saw a woman whose name is a household word, and what do you think she was doing? She was writing letters in a hospital room for a dear little blind old lady. One of the richest and one of the most well-known society women of Chicago taking two or three hours, sometimes four times a week, writing letters in hospitals for old ladies who are blind!

The opportunities are everywhere to be busy about the well-being of others. It is when we are busy about the things that matter—sharing the responsibility of life with those less fortunate than ourselves, that character is made! We get too busy with everything except living life beautifully.

Find out where you can do something good to help people. Then doors will open, windows will be opened, the curtains of defeat, of darkness, of disease and sin will disappear, and in the glory and the light of love and beauty and truth, some heart will say, "Oh! I'm so glad you came my way!" Thus the spirit of love and peace, of beauty and of life—the true spirit of Christmas—will abide in your heart throughout a joyous and useful lifetime!

"SPACE-AGE RELIGION"

Sermon by Dr. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

NOVEMBER 1, 1959

WHEN the historian of the year Five Thousand (and there will be a year Five Thousand) looks back upon this age in which you and I live, I sometimes speculate a little bit in my own mind as to whether he will be able to find a phrase which will, with accuracy and inclusiveness, describe the age in which you and I live. We know that the historians of the past have such phrases and have used them to describe certain segments of human history. By way of example: when I use the phrase The Golden Age of Greece every person knows, who knows at all classical history, what that phrase describes: The Golden Age of Greece. We see the chisel in the hands of Phidias; we listen to the philosophic dissertation of one of the seven greatest minds of all time, the mind of Socrates; we listen to Plato and hear again the plays of Aristophanes and the poems of Theocritus!

We know, when we come across the phrase The Golden Age of Greece, we know what that phrase means! And the probabilities are that the historian of the year Five Thousand, when the evolutionary processes of science and religion have had their way in the next forty centuries, that it may be he will look back upon this age and will find such a phrase. It will not be as long as the phrase The Golden Age of Greece, but I think probably he will use only four words to describe the age: The Age of Space!

This is the age in which man is continually outlining larger areas of thought; this is the age where the horizons are being lifted; this is the age when the limitations of the past are being removed; this is an age when religion is being compelled, under the unquestionable advance of knowledge of the cosmos, to rethink every one of its traditional values; this is an age when the mind of man is pushing out and out and out and out, until the barriers that he was compelled to face, in much of his history, are being eliminated!

SPACE-AGE RELIGION! There is no segment of our civilization that can escape this influence! It is occurring in every area! It is occurring in education, and the educators are being compelled to readjust and realign their whole emphasis in the area of education: space-age education! The old, traditional emphases in the area are being dissipated by the necessities of the present and the consequences of this present! The same is true in business: business is being compelled in this kind of an age to readjust and to re-evaluate much of its technique in the old competitive days of industry! That is disappearing and disappearing rapidly. It is true in the realm of government: governments of the world, everywhere, are being compelled to readjust and re-evaluate some of the fundamental principles upon which all government is based!

Now we come, specifically, to the question of religion. What is going to happen, and what is happening to religion in this age, this space-age in religion? Religion cannot escape the

influence of this spacial development. Any religion, like the ostrich, that seems to put its head into the sand and refuses to admit that which vision and intelligence reveal, is a dying religion! That religion will decay, will disappear will dissipate! When religion does not open its mind and its heart to the infiltrations of the new significance of this space-age, that religion, no matter how old it is, will disappear—for the real validity of religion does not depend on its antiquity, but it does depend upon what it is doing to meet the problems of human society and the problems of our scientific age! The mere fact that it is old is not enough! The mere fact that it has been in the world for fifty or sixty centuries is not enough! The mere fact that a thing has lasted is not conclusive evidence that it will be continuous! It is only as education and government and religion come to terms with the enlarged cosmos of which we are all a part that we see the reality of divine creation.

God has not yet completed His act of creation! He is not a fiat God, but a dynamic God! There is no absolutism nor is there any finality to the processes of the cosmos! Man yet has not even crossed the threshold—he has hardly got his foot over the step into the unknown cosmos of reality! And to hold onto a religious interpretation that agrees with the era of religious thought that the earth was held on the back of a turtle, or that it was created in seven days (like the seven days that you and I know), or that God had confined His whole energy to one little planet in the cosmos where there are a million, million suns as great as ours and where there are indescribable and inconceivable solids floating through infinity, when the mind of man comes face-to-face with the colossal evidence of creativeness and of the divine intelligence which must be behind the creativeness, then the little pettiness of superstitions and fears in his religion must disappear if he is to survive; then his little bigotries, his devotion to man-made creeds, man's attention to the little patterns that have accumulated through his centuries, all become incompetent and impotent to face the realities of a space-age!

Now can religion come face-to-face with this age? I say to you it can! It does not mean the end of religion—it means the increase of the vitality of true religion; it means that this will be the elimination of the petty, smallness of man's mind, conditioned by his superstitions and his fears! It will be the awakening of his intelligence and his heart, until he will conceive of poverty, of disease, of sin, of economic distortions, of industrial iniquities, of the collapse of morality in high places! A religion that does not, in this space-age, have something to say about these things now and here in the light of that divine intelligence is a religion that may have the throngs and the crowds and the emotions of the present hour, while a few minority minds and hearts see vividly the truth, but that religion will disappear, and the great eternal truths of religion in the reality of God will be revealed, for God is in the process of revelation! The last Bible has not been written—the Bibles are still being written! The highest achievement of the human personality has not been met: there are areas of art and music, there are areas of culture and beauty that man has yet to explore! We are only on the threshold and to think that what's happening is decadent is, in my humble opinion, impossible! Do you remember the story (it's a very familiar story) of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit in the briar

bush? Do you remember that? When a world is in the briar bush and many of our lives are in the briar bush and we are being hurt and scarred and people are having difficult times, it was in just such an hour that religion was born! Judaism came out of exile! It was the basis of the synagogue and the temple and it was not in the days of the ease and triumph of Zion, it was in the days when they met together in the tragedy of the exile! That was the birth of Judaism! Christianity did not come in an era of ease and affluence when the whole world's society, with open arms, was receiving the Man of Galilee. No! It came when a great empire was dissolving in the tragedies of disunity and disorganization, and upon the wrecks of that empire came a sweet, spirited youth from Galilee, and it was born in a briar patch! This is the hour for the highest demonstration of eternal religious truth and the magnificent creativeness of the divine mind! It was in such an hour that religion and its power were born! And it is in such an hour that the condition generates in us a response to that power. SPACE-AGE RELIGION! May religion occupy space! And now, may the presence of that divine mind be in each of our hearts; may it have breadth and scope and depth; may it be sensitive to suffering and injustice and, above all, in the briar patches of life might we have the courage to meet life!

BOOK CHATS

THE Hero, Charles A. Lindbergh and the American Dream, by Kenneth S. Davis, Doubleday & Company. Here is a book of 527 pages, which includes a 93-page Bibliographical Essay. The author felt that the special circumstances under which the book was written seemed to require that everything in it be documented, so far as possible, and as he wrote out his source notes he found himself making comments on them and on the story he had to tell. This he did in uninhibited fashion because he did not intend the resultant essay to be published. He was inclined to oppose publication of it because it seemed to him a rather pretentious display of "scholarship." The editor and others who read the work in manuscript are convinced that the notes are not only interesting but also add to the value of the main body of the book. There are sixteen chapters to this bibliographical essay.

This is an intensely interesting book —"a veritable torrent of a book—exciting, suspenseful, ranging from comic absurdity to tragic irony through a hundred dramatic episodes." There are excitements in depth as well as in torrential surface action. Mr. Davis's point of view is clear and consistent, though highly complex, showing acute awareness of psychological, philosophical, and historico-political significances. Illuminating the book and illuminated by it is the tale of Charles A. Lindbergh, of the solitary youth and slowly maturing man who, partly as a result of his own acts and character, and partly the result of forces

beyond his control, became the focus of such energies of mass adulation and mass vilification as have been the lot of no other private individual, perhaps, in all of American history.

Mr. Davis tells of the boy mechanic and daredevil motorcyclist of a Minnesota country town, the barnstorming "gypsy flyer: and death-defying stunt man of flying circuses, the pioneering Army and air-mail pilot, and finally the iron-nerved superlatively skilled young man of twenty-five who, by flying alone to Paris in the "Spirit of St. Louis" through a couple of May days in 1927, was transformed not only into the archetypical Aviator but also into a god whose worship was one of the most amazing sociological phenomena of all time.

Here are the Muckraking era, when farmers were in rebellion against the "Money Trust"; World War I, the Jazz Age, with its flappers and gangsters and bootleg gin; the Great Depression, with the emergent New Deal; the years of America First and the Great Debate over aid to Britain against Nazi Germany; the blood-soaked years of World War II. Power is added to this powerful narrative because it is the true story, meticulously researched, and presented with a scrupulous regard for fact, of a man and his time.

The book will provoke controversy; but no one can deny the book's power nor its author's honorable involvement with his subject and his profound commitment to human freedom. It is biography in a new key and new dimension.

The people who are now of an age too young to have lived at the time of Lindbergh's historic flight will profit by this story of Lindbergh and his times; the people who did live through his triumph and through that agonizing tragedy of his early married life will be intensely interested in this factual account and in the story of his later years; of the important work he continues to do for the good of mankind. It will be good for those who were bitter over Lindbergh's dread of publicity and the notoriety which many would have given him, to read of the ordeals through which he had to pass. It will be good for everyone to read the factual account of the great tragedy of his early married life in the death of his infant son. It is good for those who now fly the oceans in enormous passenger planes to realize the undaunted courage and stamina, character and discipline required of this lone flyer in the light little "Spirit of St. Louis" to attempt his famous flight to Paris.

Within twenty hours after his arrival in Paris, significantly it was in the churches of the nation that the outline and essential ingredients of his legend, as it would endure for more than a decade, were first clearly developed in these typical utterances of New York's pastors: "Don't be too aggressive—the quiet work publishes itself," by Rev. Dr. Raymond L. Forman of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church; "While others were wrangling, a young boy slipped quietly away and beat them to the goal." And others: "It has been a striking thing that while others 'jockeyed' for money and for publicity and waited for the weather, this young man simply flew. And yet it was not an impulsive act, but one . . . based on thorough knowledge and experience" . . . "while others are paralyzed by doubt and fear, the true mystic makes the adventure," setting forth "today . . . into the unknown, trusting God."

Among those intrigued by the paradox of planned spontaneity, calcu-

lated impulsiveness, scientific mysticism was Dean Howard Chandler Robbins of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. "No greater deed of personal prowess and adventure appears on the pages of man's conquest of nature than this lonely and heroic flight. Could a novice have attempted it, much less attempted it successfully?" The lesson of "the self-discipline of years," seemed to Dean Robbins of particular importance to that present age, with its "revolt against discipline" and its loose talk about "uninhibited self-expression." Said Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman: "Such deeds of daring in the service of science give immeasurable impetus to the expectations of men. They keep our minds young and full of zest. They put us on tiptoe to see over the horizons of tomorrow." (*See page* 16)

A THOUGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

A wonderful way to make Christmas last for some loved one or friend would be to give them a year's subscription to The Liberalist—a reminder every month in the year that you are thinking of them. The Liberalist is becoming more and more popular with our readers. Many of our members who have moved to other parts of the country appreciate keeping in touch with our church and with Dr. Bradley's sermons in this way.

Just send $2 to the church office, with the name and address of the person to whom the subscription should be sent, signing your name as the donor. A Christmas card will be sent in your name announcing the gift.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois.

Please enter subscription to The Liberalist for one year beginning with this issue, for:

.....(Name)

.....(Address)

Enclosed find Check ( ) Money Order ( ) for $2.00.

(Donor's Name and Address).....

The author, Kenneth S. Davis, says perhaps the nearest approach to the flight's essential meaning, as felt rather than thought by the millions, was made by the Rev. Dr. Russell Bowie . . . in a sermon entitled "The Lure of the 'Impossible'!" "Caution would say to these men, 'The thing you attempt has never been accomplished,' and instantly Courage answered, 'That is the very reason we attempt it.' Doubt would whisper, 'The chances are overwhelmingly against success,' and the Spirit of Daring answered, 'That is the reason why success is worth the risk of life to win.' In these men we see manifested that indomitable heroism which, whether . . . in victory or defeat has made possible the progress of the human race toward the mastery of its world."

Certain it is that *The Hero* by Kenneth S. Davis, would make an excellent and worthwhile Christmas gift to any young student, and would add immeasurably to anyone's library of Americana.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

TODAY is the twelfth of November and I look out the Study window to see the ground covered with snow. The fine flakes are coming down silently, swiftly and steadily. It is the first day and evening of our Annual Bazaar and we had hoped the fine sunny weather of the first part of this week would continue until the Bazaar was over, but Nature says to us—"One little Bazaar in the whole of the United States and you think Nature should stop and consider you? Nature has its regular work to do. What matter if it snows or shines—just you go ahead with your Bazaar and I will go ahead with my work, too."

Of course we come right back to Nature and we say: "But this is not a *little* Bazaar. It's a great *big* Bazaar and our greatest event of the entire year, when we want everyone to come out and patronize us, eat our dinners and buy our wonderful Bazaar goods." And we know they will come out; and that is why we wanted to greet them with fine weather. It is truly early for so much snow. I remember well a few winters ago when we just hoped for a flurry or two for Thanksgiving—and that is all we got—just a flurry. Having snow so early makes the winter seem longer, and having been to Mexico this summer makes me wish the winter could be much, much shorter than it is.

I haven't said very much about Mexico in the Mail Bag, because in October I wanted to tell you about the Lee's 50th Wedding Anniversary; and in November there wasn't room for me to say a word, except to publish the letters. Then, too, I found that I was to show the Mexican kodachrome slides I took during my stay, and I thought I should wait until the Donation Tea was over. The Tea was a great success, with a splendid attendance, and the pictures were very

well received. Now that I know how much people enjoy them, I shall be happy to show them for groups such as an Old Peoples Home, where many people are shut-ins and might enjoy a trip by proxy to the sunny, flower-bedecked land to the southwest of us.

I was enchanted with the smooth plane-flight to Mexico City in six short hours. I went down by daylight and returned by plane at night. The night flight was enchanting to me and I did not sleep a wink because I was fascinated by the starlight, the clouds and the fairylike picture of cities over which we flew, as I tried to guess the identity of them. The flight back home was without a bump, as was the trip down.

I stayed the greatest part of the time in San Miguel de Allende, because I had registered for Art Classes in the Instituto de Allende. This is one of the cities which has been designated as a monument, in Mexico, the other one being Taxco. This means that should you build there, the outside architecture of the house must be Spanish Colonial, and the streets must remain cobblestone. The Hotel Colonial where I stayed in San Miguel housed some twenty American guests. They came from all over the United States—from New York, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Texas, Arkansas, California, Illinois and even from Alberta, Canada. Many were teachers who were adding to their scholastic honors and degrees by taking summer courses at the Instituto, some were students of art only, and some like myself were hobby amateurs, while others were teachers of art or established artists. All ages were represented. And the amazing fact to me was that almost every other American woman I met was hunting for a house to buy, with the idea of retiring permanently to Mexico. The reason I say it was amazing to me is because I feel so certain that I live in the hearts of my friends that I cannot imagine myself going away from them all to begin life all over again in another land or even another part of our own country. However, there are of course many circumstances under which one might do so.

My pictures or slides are of course mute evidence to the fact that there are some beautiful homes in San Miguel owned by Americans: notably the homes of Sterling Dickinson, the President of the Instituto, and the home of Mr. Havermale, formerly a Chicago attorney with offices at Jackson and Michigan and a home in Wilmette. Their homes are on a high hill, overlooking San Miguel. When one glimpses the views from both these homes, from within the grounds, one almost forgets the lovely house, he is so lost in contemplation of the gardens, the flowers and the mountains and sky in the distance beyond.

I was fortunate in having registered with the Instituto, because two

CHRISTMAS!

There's more, much more to
Christmas
Than candle-light and cheer;
It's the spirit of sweet friendship,
That brightens all the year;
It's thoughtfulness and kindness,
It's hope reborn again,
For peace, for understanding
And for goodwill to men!

events were arranged for the students while I was there, in which I took part. One was a garden tour. It was on this tour that we entered the homes just mentioned above, as well as touring El Atascadero, also on this same hill with the Dickinson and Havermale homes. El Atascadero is a new resort recently opened. The grounds and surroundings are a living picture. Do try somehow to have a garden tour when you visit Mexico, for their cities are quite unlike our United States cities. Here one can ride into the suburbs and admire many of the yards and gardens from the front street or sidewalk. Not so in Mexico. The streets are narrow in most of the cities and are solidly walled—that is, the fronts of the houses are flush with the street or narrow sidewalks and are solidly connecting with each other, wall to wall. You may happen by the front door at a moment when it is ajar and then may get a momentary view of the patio garden. Or, if in the outskirts of the town, the house and garden may be entirely walled in and you can only see those trees and that part of the house which rise above the wall.

We entered the doorway in the solid wall of the Dickinson home, and immediately there in front of us was a deep expanse of ravine—a gorgeous vista only to be seen by those who were privileged to enter the doorway. The same at the home of Mr. Havermale. We left the doorway of the Sterling Dickinson home, went down the solidly walled street a short distance and entered another doorway, stepped across an open porch or what seemed more like a tile-floored balcony to gaze in ecstasy upon another flower bedecked scene, through stone archways. The Havermale home had been a tannery at one time and the walls had been left practically intact, they told us. When I stepped into their little "guest house" I assured our host that if I had the privilege of living in it, I should most certainly consider that I was living in Heaven—at least it would be Heaven enough for me. There was beautiful tile work everywhere and Mr. Havermale pointed out little divergencies in the design, attesting to the fact it was painted by hand. He said an Indian boy did it, seated in a dark corner somewhere, painting one after another of the tiles. What a room this was for an artist and creativity! Bright with light from the tall and broad windows, furnished with exquisite taste in lovely colors, the view off from the windows through flower bedecked archways to the distant mountains beyond—what pictures a poet or artist could be inspired to compose in such a setting! Little wonder so many artists are drawn to Mexico.

Then, through the Instituto again, we had the pleasure of attending a Ranch Party. This was given as a benefit to the Library of San Miguel. The party was at the Ranch of Pepe Ortiz, a famous Bullfighter. We drove past some cattle, with a small lake beyond, between us and a distant hill, then around a turn of the road and up to the Ranch. As we entered the door we came immediately out into the Patio, with its fountain in the center, vine-covered walls about twenty feet high surrounding the four sides of the patio, and rose bushes abundantly decorating every available spot. The fact is that I worked my camera much more than I did my paint brushes the whole time I was in Mexico, for I had to have present memories of this colorful land to show my friends and to help me return in spirit when the trip was over.

There were three sets of musicians

to entertain us, as well as an American visitor, a Mexican TV and radio star and a group of Mariachis. First we were treated to a folk dance by a group of six people—I judged they were mostly students, but there was one couple on which I concentrated my camera and attention—a little doll of an American girl I am certain, dancing with a partner who was a very photogenic Mexican — a patrician Spanish type gentleman. The Mariachis are a male group of musicians who are singers as well, and play their own accompaniments. We were served a delicious buffet luncheon and the entire party was the gift of Pepe Ortiz, the price of the admission ticket all going to the benefit.

The library in San Miguel is doing a fine work and holds free art classes for children. I visited the library at an Open House affair and purchased for a modest sum a painting by a thirteen-year-old boy which I brought home and gave to June Bradley to exhibit to her class in the Hawthorn School. It was a very interesting, colorful painting with houses in the foreground and snow-capped mountains in the distance.

In 1945 I went to Mexico, staying for two months in Saltillo, a college town in the northern part of Mexico. This year I visited Mexico City, stayed for nearly four weeks in San Miguel, went for a week-end to lovely Guanajuato, to the west of San Miguel, back to Mexico City for a week, then for two days to Cuernavaca and spent three days in never-to-be-forgotten Taxco. I will tell you more about my experiences in a later issue.

Mexico's history is fascinating and her progress amazing. I hope you have read of Dr. Bradley's meeting with the President of Mexico, Señor Adolfo Lopez Mateos, at the banquet recently given for him by Mayor Daley. Dr. Bradley tells of this in the November number of The Liberalist, in his article "Along the Way."

* * *

On a recent Sunday morning, after a solo by our bass soloist, Mr. Arwin Schweig, Dr. Bradley made the comment that if he could sing like that, he would never preach another sermon. He had also asked the radio audience to comment on the moment of silent prayer in the church service. The first letter we take from the Mail Bag makes a comment on both these matters.

Dear Doctor Bradley:

You don't have to envy anyone because you can't sing!!!! You sing every time you open your mouth, because your heart is in it. Funny? No—true. You inspire, and what's more it lasts and helps people in deep trouble, as did your moment of silence and following prayer a few Sundays ago and every Sunday since.

I just don't have the courage to drive out to hear you on Sunday evening from my end of the world. Your sermon on "Poetry" brought back many memories, for Jimmy was one from whom I learned real appreciation of it at the Englewood Woman's Club.

Since I lost my husband and wonderful friend with whom I used to drive out to your church on Sunday, I have bought a little house in Ogden Dunes, and it is from this lovely spot that I listen to you on Sunday morning!

As you read the lovely poem on Jesus, by Stidger, I sat looking out upon the beautiful sky and the gorgeous tints of the oak trees which surround the house. What a lift by your prayer, when I, too, can take my problems to God and feel certain of an answer!

Thank God for you. I only wish I could endow your church; so I don't

write too often. I feel guilty. I do belong to a church in Chicago, but on Sunday, when in the Dunes, I am at Peoples Church.

Sincerely,

Emily Cannon.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We have just been listening to your afternoon address on the radio and I gladly take up my pen to tell you how much you rejoiced my heart with that fine poem you quoted from that poetess who admired the beauties of nature so much. I have poems along those same lines, composed by my dear father, who passed on in January of 1930. His name was John Christie and he lived in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He heard a little skylark singing early one morning while he was busy at work and that same afternoon he composed the following verses:

"Joyous little skylark,
How thy heart must glow
Early in the morning
Facing clouds of snow.

Braving cold and snowflakes,
Frosty air and hail,
Ever upward soaring
With thy witching tale.

Dauntless, daring songster,
Circling in thy glee,
Even gloomy winter
Scarce can silence thee.

Art thou cold and hungry?
Hast thou fasted long?
Breakfast or no breakfast
Thou must sing thy song.

Transporting, tireless teacher,
Trilling from above,
Perennial, peerless preacher
Of faith, and hope and love.

No gorgeous hall confines thee,
No solemn temple's dome;
The sky is thy cathedral,
The brown heath is thy home.

Thy life so pure and sinless,
Thy song so clear and free,
Oh! for the grace of gladness
To worship God like thee!"

I have just taken the liberty to send you this little poem, with my heartfelt appreciation after listening to your exquisite talk. May the blessing of our Heavenly Father be forever with you, as I know it is.

I am your grateful radio listener,

Mrs. Margaret Fairlie.

* * *

The name "Fairlie" reminded me that I had seen it recently, and I looked back in our October Liberalist to the book chats in which we reviewed "Joy in Living" by Dugald Semple, of Scotland, and noted that his address is Rose Cottage, Fairlie, Scotland. The name is unusual. I am sure he would appreciate the above poem.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am one of your radio listeners from good old Wheaton, and I think your sermons are the best—in fact it keeps me from attending my own church.

I am enclosing some literature which I hope you will take the time to read before this Sunday's sermon. Insecticides seem to be one of our alarming dangers of today in which few people seem to be interested. Not only are the dear birds dying by the thousands, but humans are slowly becoming poisoned by the accumulative results of spraying with D.D.T. I thought perhaps if you would just mention this subject along with your sermon on "The Rights of the Unborn" the public might start thinking, and we could do something about it before it is too late.

Sincerely,

Mrs. S. Houser.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is a note of great appreciation for your Sunday radio broadcasts. They have meant much to me, for almost twenty years.

I was so glad for the hour broad-

casts throughout the summer. I enjoyed the music, giving us the old songs with which one could sing along. As for the messages, always, always I feel uplifted and inspired. Always I get a new feeling of hope and assurance that things are good and will be better. Thank you. Sincerely,

Mrs. Mildred Murdock.

KEEP ON THE BEAM

A wonderful Christmas-gift opportunity! Smith-Corona Electric Portable Typewriter (brand new) for $50 less than original price. Write Ethel Smalley, C/o Church Office or Ph. LO 1-6878.

When patronizing our advertisers please mention "THE LIBERALIST"

OUR GRATITUDE TO MAGIKIST RUG CLEANERS

Magikist Services are carrying two-thirds of the financial burden of the Sunday broadcast over WLS at 11 a.m. all during the season. This is the second season in which Magikist Services have thus supported the work of our church.

The latest report from radio station WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services are thus extending to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co.

A Division of
KEMPER Insurance

Chicago 40

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER

1—Address. Annual Banquet, Junior Assoc. of Commerce, Elgin, Illinois.
3—Funeral.
4—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Ordination Service for Don Ward, Ravenswood Congregational Church.
Address, Ravenswood Congregational Church.
Broadcasts, WCFL, WSEL.
5—Worked in Study.
6—Funeral.
Luncheon, I.W.L.A.
Men's Grill, Mandel's.
7—Meeting of Mayor's Committee of United Nations Organization.
Meeting Chicago Commission on Human Relations.
8—Address. National Convention Amer. Nursing Home Assoc., Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel.
9—Funeral.
Hospital Calls.
Address. Toman Branch Forum, Chicago Public Library.
Worked in Study.
10—Worked in Study.
Wedding (By Mr. Kraft)
11—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WCFL, WSEL.
Address. Willard Memorial Church, Oak Park, Ill.
12—Conference in Study.
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
13—Invocation at Luncheon given to President of Mexico, Adolfo Lopez Mateos, by Mayor Daley.
Wedding.
14—Funeral.
Address. National Spiritualist Assoc., Eighth St. Theatre.
15—Address. 19th Annual Convention Confederated Unions of America, Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel.
16—Address. Building Service Employes International Union, Crystal Room, Hotel Sherman.
Conference. WGN-TV.
17—Worked in Study.
18—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WCFL, WSEL.
19—Cut five records, WCFL.
20—Address. Award Banquet, Junior Assoc. of Commerce, County Club, Bloomington, Ill.
21—Address. Prof. and Business Woman's Club Church Dinner.
22—Left for Washington, D.C.
23—Address. Virginia Realtors State Convention, Williamsburg Inn, Williamsburg, Va. Drove to Jamestown.
25—Sermon. Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WCFL, WSEL.
Attended St. James Cathedral and heard Archbishop of York, Dr. Ramsay.
26—Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
27—Entertained Dr. and Mrs. Morriston Thomas and Prof. Angus Curnow, of Ealing College, London, England.
28—Funeral.
29—Address. Pulaski County Teacher's Institute, Thistlewood School, Mounds, Ill.
Address. Johnson County Teacher's Institute, Vienna High School, Vienna, Ill.
30—Luncheon, Albert Schweitzer Education Foundation to meet Mrs. Binder of Peru.
Recorded 30 one-minute prayers for Lain & Son.
Board Meeting, Board of Trustees, Peoples Church.
31—Funeral.
Wedding.

WEDDINGS

10—Mariana McElliott and Anthony Basanise (By Mr. Kraft)
13—Marsha Jacobson and Stephen Kolak
19—Mrs. Kathryn L. Quatti and Mr. Neal Anderson (By Mr. Kraft)
31—Janyce Carolyn Schafner and William R. Reinhold

FUNERALS

3—Lewis S. Davies
6—Frank Karminski
9—Mrs. Mabel T. Heaney
14—Mrs. Jean Burch, Hammond, Ind.
28—Mrs. Lillian Beckstrom
31—Mrs. Bradley Harrison

CHRISTENINGS

4—Mark Dietrich Dempt, son of Mr. & Mrs. Herman Dempt
18—Terry Wayne Collamore, son of Mr. & Mrs. Wayne David Collamore
25—Vicki Avis Riccardo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rick Riccardo

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Services (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church, Anderson Hall ..... 9:00 a.m.

Pre-school children ..... 10:00 a.m.

Religious Inquiry Session for adults, Anderson Hall ..... 10:00 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcome ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults over 30) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall .. 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Tues., Dec. 1, International Relations Dept.; "Folk Songs" by Brina Magida. Hostesses: Peggy Noble, Helen Eddins and Annie Nelson ..... 1:00 p.m.

Tues., Dec. 15, Birthday and Christmas Party for Members only (dues must be paid on or before Dec. 15th). Travel Slides by Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh ..... 12:00 noon

Professional and Business Woman's Club: Christmas Party. Community Sing, conducted by Madeline Jacobsen; Colored Movie, "The Nativity" (courtesy Ill. Bell Tel. Co.), operated by Joanne Plett. Public welcome ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Uptown Temple Club: Sun., Dec. 20, Christmas Party ..... 5:00 p.m.

The Young Adults (married or single under 30) Meet every Sunday Evening in Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

The Men's Club (meetings held the 4th Tuesday of the month) ..... 8:00 p.m.
There will not be a meeting of the Men's Club in December

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS, Broadcast of entire morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.

WCFL, Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL, Rebroadcast of morning sermon (104.3 FM) ..... 9:30 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check ... money order for $2.00

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** .....

DIAL A PRAYER

DELAWARE 7-1200

CALL ANY HOUR - DAY OR NIGHT

The Reverend Paul Grimes
has personally recorded
these inspirational prayers.

DIAL A PRAYER IS PRESENTED BY
LAIN AND SON FUNERAL DIRECTORS

5501 North Ashland Avenue
1035 North Dearborn Street
2024 East 75th Street
2121 West 95th Street